Specimen

Carlsbad Sea Lion.

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HOW IT HAPPENS.

It is a surprise to many living here how so many stories get in circulation at the East, detrimental to this country, and it is a peculiarity of these evil reports that they are seldom, if ever, written by any person who has lived here any length of time, but usually by persons who have been here but a few days or weeks at the most. If the reverse were true, and the new comers were contented while the older settlers were the ones dissatisfied, there would be serious cause for alarm, for the reports would then be thought to have a foundation of truth in them. As it is the stories are in themselves the greatest recommends we could wish for our country and climate. A person comes out here filled with roseate views of our country, and expecting to find a place where the skies are cloudless, the air balmy, where sorrow and sickness and trouble never come, they are awakened to the fact that this is a part of earth; that we have some rain, some cloudy days; then sickness and death, sorrow and trouble, have a footing here as elsewhere on the globe. The first feeling then is of disappointment. Perhaps the first day is gloomy, they are tired from their journey, their room is not as comfortable as they wish, their favorite dish at the hotel table is not to their liking, they may have caught cold with their head out of the car window coming over the mountains, trying to see everything as they pass, and a tinge of neuralgia or rheumatism reminds them of the fact that they are but mortal and still on earth, or they may have failed to meet friends whom they expected to see on arrival. Those and a thousand other trivial things will give the air a blue cast and make a person dissatisfied with his surroundings. Such times are always selected to write to absent friends, for at such times one needs a friend to talk to and tell his or her troubles, for both sexes are liable to do such things, and what is more natural than to write a letter to correspond with one's feelings and give the dark side of life, probably exaggerated at that, and after it is written and mailed the writer feels better, as always happens when the mind is unburdened of a sorrow.

The letter goes many thousand miles away, and the writer has forgotten all about the doleful part of it, for it was but a passing trouble, but the receiver may be one of those who is always saying "I told you so", prophesing evil, and rejoices in the belief that the journey has turned out just as predicted by the prophet of evil. The letter is read to friends and if there is a page of bright sunshine in it, that part is skipped over hastily to revel in the more satisfactory gloomy portion of the letter. Next an editor, who, perhaps, is losing good subscribers by their emigration to the western shore, hears of the letter and gains possession of it, culls the more gloomy part of it, and gives it to his readers as an awful warning to them, should they think of leaving for the new country. This is the history of hundreds of letters sent East, but they are only a few of the hundreds of thousands going every year, which tell a very different tale, but which seldom see the light through the colums of a newspaper.

Let these same writers stay here a twelve-months, and how few of them will say a word against our country or climate. They have then learned by experience. They compare a year's stay here with a year in their former home, and then comes in the triumph for us. No more homesickness, or if there is, it is but momentary. They see life as it is, not all heavenly, but like other places, yet still without many of the disadvantages of other places. A few in this world are never satisfied, but move from place to place, as in the great Western prairie states the wagon of the emigrant is constantly seen on every side, going in every direction; a year or so in one place and a move is made to another, going East as well as West, North as well as South; always moving yet never satisfied long in any spot.

Of the myriads who come to these shores, how many retrace their steps again? A few may do so, but compared to the "prairie schooner" movers of the great West, they are but a drop in the bucket. Southern California can stand all the letters of disappointment than can be written from here to the East, and keep on its prosperous way through them all, for our climate and advantages prove to the writers the falsity of their premises, and they are usually the most enthusiastic when the clouds pass away and show life and nature here just as it really is.—PRESS & HORTICULTURIST.

The Motor Road a Certainty.

Oceanside, Carlsbad and South Oceanside to be one.

The board of directors of the Oceanside Coast Motor Railroad met at the office of Hayes & Hicks on Friday morning, the 24th inst., at 10 A. M. Present: J. Chauncey Hayes, president. O. M. Reece and M. W. Spencer; also Messrs. Mc Cray, Howard and Tuttle, with two reporters.

O. M. Reece acted as secretary pro tem, and read minutes of last meeting, which were approved.

The resignation of B. F. Griffin as secretary, was then read and accepted.

M. W. Spencer nominated Dr. E. A. Tuttle as director in place of Mr. Griffin, which was carried.

E. A. Tuttle nominated O. M. Reece for secretary to the board, and he was elected.

Chief engineer McCray then read his report on the bids that had been secured from American Bridge Company, J. C. Howard, A. J. Myers, L. B. Harris and Proctor & Marriage.

Mr. Spencer took the chair, and Mr. Hayes the floor.

Mr. Hayes moved that all the bids be rejected, and that a committee be appointed to interview parties resident here to do the work by private contract. Carried.

Mr. Hayes moved that the chief engineer be instructed to set grade stakes and locate the road to Carlsbad at once. Carried.

Chief engineer McCray said he thought they had better let the contracts for the bridge work and grading separately.

Mr. J. C. Howard said he preferred to take the whole contract, and he would take it at the engineer's own estimate, so sure was he hat it would be fair and just.

Here Mr. Hayes took the chair.

Mr. Spencer moved that a committee consisting of Messrs. Hayes, Reece and McCray be appointed to let the contract for grading from First street to the Methodist campground at South Oceanside immediately; the work to begin at once. Carried.

Mr. Spencer then moved that the same committee award the contract for building the bridge across the first slough. Carried.

Mr. Spencer finally moved that the same committee negotiate with Oceanside and Carlsbad parties for a subsidy to carry the road through to Carlsbad. Carried.

On motion of Mr. Tuttle, M. W. Spencer was made a member of that committee.

In the afternoon the Board of Directors again met, and after considering private bids, awarded the contract for grading to the methodist camp-ground in South Oceanside, and building of the bridge over Sycamore canyon to L. D. Harvey of Elsinore for $5009.00. Adjourned subject to the call of the president.—DIAMOND.

CULTIVATION OF FIG TREES.

Fig trees should be planted as soon as received, as drying of the roots will injure or kill them. They should, therefore be kept moist and covered with sacks in carrying them to the field. Allow them to branch out at from one or two feet from the ground, but not from the same point of the standard or stem, but one above another. This will prevent splitting of large branches.

Never top the limbs of branches as it will seriously injure the fruit.

Thinning out, cutting, interfering, or too closely growing branches, is all the pruning that should be allowed to fig trees.

The white adriatic is generally condsiered the best. It is as superior to the common fig, as is the Bartlett pear to a seedling, and becomes when dried, fully equal to the celebrated "Erbelle" fig of commerce.

Do not irrigate when the fruit is ripening, nor later than September, then the wood will harden sufficiently to resist frost.

Fig-raising is as profitable as orange-growing in California. A four-year-old tree will average 200 pounds of fruit, and, with eighty trees to the acre, make a yield of 16,000, with at 2½ cents per pound makes $400 to the acre. By drying and marking the fruit the return would be nearly or quite double.Ex.

OUR SHADE TREE.

In the matter of shade trees Southern California is yet in its infancy and has much to learn. The number of varieties used for shade and ornament is very small and there is therefore to much sameness to our streets. The pepper and cypress seem to be the only ones that have come into general use, although the Grevilla Robusta is beginning to be known somewhat, but there are a score or more equally as good or better that should be utilized for the purpose. Of the evergreens the magnolia grandeflora is a very fine ornamental tree; the Italian holly has a very bright foliage, is a beautiful tree, and has a fine shape; the Portugal laurel is most beautiful for street planting; it has a beautiful foliage, long chains of white flowers, pleasing to the eye and very fragrant. The araucrai excelsia is one of the finest ornamental evergreen trees in California; it is a native of Norfolk Island, Australasia. There are two other varieties of the araucaria, the Bidwillii and the imbricata, that are also handsome ornamental trees. The American arbor vitæ is a fine tree, and also the Seberian arbor vitæ. The Sevuoia Sempervireus, redwood, a native of California, the "big tree", is excellent for sidewalk planting, and much admired by Eastern visitors.

To those who like pleasing varieties a few deciduous trees could be interpersed with good effect. Of these the cork elm is one of the finest. Another good one is the China umbrella tree, one of the handsomest tree grown. There is no trimming to be done; all you have to do is to get it up. If the tree is twenty feet high then it is twenty feet across, and a perfect umbrella, and has a dense green foliage.

Another very appropriate tree for this country is the wild orange from Florida. It is a beautiful tree, a rapid grower, and the fruit hangs on the tree for several months after it is ripe. The small boy will let them alone, for if he tastes one once he will never do so again. They grow from fifty to sixty feet in hight, of fine symmetry and never require any pruning and but little care. Planted along the sidewalks they would add very much to the beauty of our streets.—Ex.

New * Store in Carlsbad.

Having opened out a fresh and carefully selected stock of

Groceries, Provisions, etc.

I cordially invite the public to thoroughly inspect my stock and satisfy themselves that prices are

Rock Bottom

and all goods as represented.

Particular Attention Called

to my stock of

CANNED GOODS.

A fine assortment of

Jos. Winter's Celebrated Biscuits.

Also a large consignment of

Garden and Flower Seeds.

Don't forget the place:

Second Street, Cor. Elm Ave.

E. L. LANGENBACH, PROP.

N. Faucher's Pioneer Store,

Carlsbad, California.

A full line of

Staple and Fancy Groceries;

Dry Goods and Clothing;

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Crockery and Glassware.

Also full line of

Builder's Hardware.

Making it the best General Supply Store on the Coast.

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Pure Drugs and all kinds of Patent Medicines.

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Shrubs and Flowers,

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For further particulars apply to

F. D. Mitchel,

Permanent Agent, Carlsbad, Cal.

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From two hundred to five hundred dollars per year will you award to your own self by trading constantly at

The great IXL at Oceanside.

Why?

We give it to you here in a nut shell:

We buy direct for cash thereby making on discounts on an average Seven per cent.

Our buyer member of this firm resides constantly in San Francisco,

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All our flower, potatoes, groceries arrived in Carload—lots—

which means half the freight, smaller lots have to pay.....Five per cent.

Grand total, all our goods cost us.....Thirty-seven p. cent. less than any other firm in this vicinity can reach it.

Remember we have no special rates, days, but we guarantee you every day in the year that we can and will sell you thirty-seven per cent cheaper than you can buy in San Diego or elsewhere.

Remember we have the largest stock and finest assortment in San Diego county. All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods.

Yours respectfully

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Dealers in full lines of: Dry goods, fine clothing, finest hats, caps, boots and shoes, Hardware, grockery, groceries, wall papers, paints, oil, crushed and seed barley, wheat and barley hay, seed spuds and finest potatoes for family use.

CARLSBAD SEA LION.

PUBLISHED AT

CARLSBAD, SAN DIEGO COUNTY, CAL.

BROOM MAKING.

AN INDUSTRY WHERE THE SMALL CAPITALIST HOLDS HIS OWN.

The Broom Center of the Country. Growth of a Broom Factory—The Trade in New York City—A Trick of the Trade.

There is one industry in the country in which the small capitalists have been able to hold their own against the wealthiest men in it, and that is the industry of broom making. It is a business in which a journeyman of skill and prudence can hope to establish himself, if he wishes, within a very few years after he has learned his trade. The process of broom making is simple, and yet it is such that machinery has never been devised for turning out a completed broom, and, beyond the sum necessary to erect such an establishment as will permit of a certain division of the labor, an abundance of capital is of no special advantage.

The broom center of the country is in New York state, the largest establishments and the best workmen being located in the Mohawk valley. The time was when the Mohawk valley was the great broom corn raising center of the country, too, but the less tough and stringy and more succulent and profitable cabbage has driven the wavy green tassels of broom corn from the flats which were once their favorite growing place. It was because of the prolific yield of corn there in former years that the trade of making brooms became so well established.

A BROOM FACTORY.

The growth of a broom factory is interesting. A young man of economical habits learns the trade, and, having learned it well, is able to do the equivalent of turning out from 100 to 125 or 150 complete brooms a day. As a matter of fact, in well regulated shops no man makes a complete broom, but only one part of it, but the journeyman having learned his trade well can do enough work usually at piece prices to earn from $2 to $3 a day. Out of this he ought to save $500 before starting in trade for himself. With this sum he can buy enough machinery (at a cost of $150) and stock to set from three to five men at work and keep them going until returns come in from the sales. That is a very modest capital, but since the machinery costs so little, men have started on $300, and even less, and made notable successes as the trade goes. Second hand tools can be had sometimes for $60 or $80, a couple of bales of corn would cost perhaps $35, 500 handles $6.50 more, and other supplies $25, and then the man is ready to set up shop and make all the brooms his neighbors can use, at least.

The trade in New York city calls for about 150,000 dozen brooms a year. The majority of them are made in Amsterdam and other towns along the Mohawk river. Many come from Jersey, however. The factories are unpretentious wooden buildings. Steam power in the larger factories is used in stitching the broom and in winding the wire around the corn where it is secured to the handle. The largest factory in the business, according to a New York dealer, turns out 1,000 brooms a day, or twice as many as the New York city trade demands. In such a factory a man's work is equivalent to the making of from 200 to 250 brooms a day, according to the quality of the brooms.

Of the trade in the corn a dealer said: "The manufacturers buy their corn in the west. Kansas corn has the best reputation in this market, but Missouri, Nebraska and Illinois raise a great deal. The crop was very small in Kansas this year, and Illinois did better than any other state. An ordinary crop is 300 to 400 pounds to the acre. If a farmer gets 500 pounds he pays off some of his mortgage, and when the crop reaches 600 pounds he buys a new silk dress for his wife and a piano for his daughter. And yet there is not such a terrible profit in it. It brings all the way from $80 to $160 a ton in New York, the ordinary brooms requiring stock that now sells for from $100 to $120 a ton. It costs $25 a ton to get it here from Kansas and $15 from Illinois. The middle man out there must have his commission, and so must the New York merchant. If a farmer receives $20 an acre for his crop he is doing well; still that is better than wheat at sixty cents a bushel.

BROOM CORN IN BALES.

"The corn comes to this market in bales averaging 300 pounds each. The corn from the prairies is baled with lath and wire, but some Ohio corn comes here with very liberal chunks of wood to keep the bales from tumbling to pieces. The wood sells at the same price as the corn, if the buyer doesn't notice it. Sometimes the prairie farmer gets even with the Ohio man by dropping a sod or two into the bunch.

"The corn on the average will make 1,000 brooms to the ton, although in some fancy brands of extra heavy brooms as much as fifty pounds is used for a dozen brooms. In the parlor brooms sold at the groceries two to two and one-quarter pounds are used.

There is quite an export trade in broom corn in ordinary times and in brooms in other times. With low prices on the corn the corn is shipped, but when the broom makers have a spurt, as they sometimes do, and flood the market, no broom trust having yet been formed, brooms are sold so low as to enable merchants to send them to Cuba and South America. Very little broom corn is ordinarily sent to Europe. the fields of southern France and of Italy supplying the European market.

"What is the trick in this trade, if there be tricks in all trades?" was asked of a dealer in broom corn.

"It is in making poor corn look like good. The best article has a healthy green color, like well cured timothy hay. That color indicates toughness, with proper flexibility. The cheap stuff, worth $80 a ton, is of a sickly yellow or lemon color. Nothing is easier than to give to the yellow corn a bath in a green dye, so as to give it the appearance of first color corn until after it is sold. Manufacturers who use only the uncolored corn assert that the doctored stuff has Paris green in it, and that when the untidy housewife takes a broom splint to try her cake or pick her teeth, she is toying with a deadly poison. The men who make the dye say it is a harmless vegetable compound. People who will use broom corn splints for such purposes may, perhaps, be frightened from an untidy habit by fear of poison, but no case has yet been recorded where any one was poisoned by a broom splint."—New York Sun.

WOMAN AND HOME.

KEEPING THE CHILDREN BUSY AND HAPPY AT SMALL EXPENSE.

Hints Concerning Etiquette—Courtesy at Home—Fashion's Martyrdom—Ingrowing Nails—The Quiet Style—The Bumped Child—All Sorts of Useful Hints.

The outdoor life of summer furnishes abundant amusement for little ones. It is the long, rainy days and cold storms of winter which drive them indoors, and crowds them about the mother's knee, to sorely try her wits and patience. An unlimited purse in a liberal hand can fill the youngsters' drawer to overflowing with an endless variety of ingenious toys. Even then there is a satiety, and fewer and simpler playthings have greater interest. Only the children themselves can tell us why the weather beaten, much abused rag doll of the household is more beloved than angelic, bisque faced Florinda; or why the rough, irregular blocks from the factory are more highly prized than the brightly painted cubes of the toy shop.

Let us tell you of one mother who, like many of us, possessed only limited time and a limited purse. Last winter, shut in by banks of white drifts and cold, biting winds, she was often called upon to propose some new pastime for her little girls of 3 and 4 years of age. After their small collection of nondescript toys were tired of, and block houses lost their charm, Mrs. Goodhue hit upon the expedient of paper cutting for an especial afternoon treat. Her mental vision of bright eyes put out by sharply pointed shears suggested the purchase of round bladed scissors, and of course there must be two pairs. At first thought this seemed extravagant, if not foolish, but the reflection that their cost would probably be spent upon more fragile and less pleasing toys, and the certainty of long hours of pleasurable quiet for both mother and children, won the day.

When not in use, the scissors were kept in Mrs. Goodhue's button box on the clock shelf. A certain corner of the bay window was given over to the litter, and only in that spot were papers allowed to be cut. At the same time sheets were furnished and the children taught to cut nothing without permission. Patience and unrelaxed firmness were necessary to prevent the indiscriminate slashing of fancy work and articles of dress. Fashion plates, illustrated catalogues and picture cards, were laid aside for the afternoon entertainments. It was amusing to notice how quickly the baby learned to handle the blades, and actually cut out a picture instead of tearing it, as had been her first method. We might suggest that for older children cheap colored papers be provided and the colors taught.

Frequently Mrs. Goodhue took time to fashion dolls and dolls' furniture, cutting an outfit for each child, and two miniature homes were set up, with tables, chairs and beds, on the window sills. Made of pasteboard, these easily stood erect, and if put by at night answered for another dull day's diversion. If, before the children became too tired, each tiny scrap of cuttings was picked up by chubby fingers into pasteboard box or dustpan it was a triumphant, happy mother, as well as babies, who greeted the father at the close of the gloomy winter's day.

Many times during that winter was the button box raided for the largest and prettiest buttons to string. With a coarse needle and a button tied at the end of a double thread, Eloise and Leslie made long "charm strings" or short ones, which they teased their mother to tie about their baby wrists. From this they came to sewing buttons on their doll dresses by joining the edge of them to one of the four eyelet holes. Later they learned the right way. Their mother might have told you that for weeks afterward buttons were swept out of hidden corners, and that her supply ran so low that she was obliged to forbid the box entirely, and to purchase whole cards of cheap buttons just for the girls to string and to keep in a box of their own. However, the expense was little and the amusement unending.

A little school girl stopped in one day to warm herself. The pleasure of the children over her slate and pencil suggested another purchase, and five cent slates and pencils were ready for the mother's next busy day and the babies' cross one. By far the greatest pleasure was the scrubbing of the slates with a small, wet rag. Neglect to put away the slates at night resulted in their being trod on, and when the broken fragments were carried out, the mother resorted to lead pencils and paper. As these were her first children, Mrs. Goodhue may be pardoned her surprise at the unexpected result. The white walls of the new home proved too tempting, and an unsightly scrawl appeared near the sewing machine, and another near the bedroom door. From that time the pencils were never accessible unless the mother was in the room; and even then she was obliged to keep a strict watch to prevent the defacement of wood work, books and forbidden papers. Older girls might be taught to draw; or scrap books and paste on the dining room table would delight and occupy an otherwise troublesome child. If the mother's work can go on with few interruptions, is it not well worth the time taken to clear up?

It passes our comprehension how some women can expect their progeny to be reasonably good tempered, and yet provide nothing whatever to assure a healthy cheerfulness. They will lay aside for themselves a bolt of muslin for a rainy day's occupation, and regard the smallest amount spent in children's toys a needless expense. A schoolma'am boarding in a well to do family told us of such a parent the other day. The little girls had dolls, to be sure, but that was all; and these had been purchased during some surprising streak of generosity on the part of the close pursed father. Old and battered, and minus a wardrobe, pieces of an old shawl were considered fine enough, when the dolls were clothed at all. Anything was good enough for the children to play with, except the parlor cane seat chairs, into which it was regarded a sacrilege to allow a child to scramble, much more to play horse with. Before the teacher's term was taught the dolls were dressed in neat calico gowns, made from remnants left from the quilting. And to the children's delight not one garment of the two whole outfits furnished was sewed on, but made to take on and off, to button and unbutton. It is safe to say that the little Stark girls had never been so nearly wild with joy when some odds and ends of gay ribbons and laces were added for their dollies' further adornment. Clay pipes and a dish of soap suds initiated them into the wondrous beauty of the soap bubble, to the great dismay of the servant over the prospect of an increase in washings. Ten cent oil cloth aprons saved the slop, appeased the kitchen goddess, and did good service long after the pipes had lost their stems.

Bring in the bag of clothespins some day when the children feel fretful, and build pig pens for them. If they take a great fancy to the pins, buy a few dozen to add to their playthings. One mother, anxious to finish some stitching, quieted the clamorous little people with some clothespin dollies, which she dressed in a few moments from scraps of gingham picked up from the floor at her side. Suppose you buy small tack hammers and papers of tacks to drive into blocks or shingles. Empty baking powder cans with lids, empty bottles without the corks (which are said to be poisonous), large glass marbles to roll from one to the other across the carpet, small brooms to help mother with the sweeping, can all be included in the list of inexpensive toys.

To a mother, horrified at sight of the dingiest stew pan in the cupboard, brought by her young hopeful into the parlor, where sat a distinguished caller, was suggested the idea of buying cheap, new tinware just for the children's play house. Bright new tin pails filled with the smallest potatoes or apples from the cellar bin are sure to please. Could the baby hurt himself with an egg beater to whirl about? A ten cent one would answer. Mrs. Gilmore allows her little folks to play with the large dripping pans. With a worsted horseline tied to one handle, the beloved dollies are given a fine sleigh ride. Whenever a neighbor of ours bakes a batch of ginger cookies, her boy and girl hunt up their wooden rolling pins. Each is provided with a flat board and a wad of the dough, which is frequently dropped on the floor and stepped on before it is placed in tiny scalloped pans into the oven. This indulgence is granted only on days just before the scrubbing is done.

From the kindergarten dealers you can obtain a box of pasteboard money for a quarter. These, with eight-cent pocketbooks and a "store" stocked on chairs, will count on a whole afternoon's entertainment. Teach the oldest children to "make change." Rig up a tent with a blanket over the dining room chairs, or lend them cast off clothing in which to "dress up." But we go on enumerating at the risk of the reader's fatigue.—Elizabeth F. Purdy in Good Housekeeping.

Courtesy in the Home Circle.

If the head of the family—its ruler—speaks unkindly, it is because the bonds that bind them together are his safeguard. There is a sense of security from exposure in family pride, in part, but stronger than all else is the knowledge of the womanly love that seeks to hide all errors. The wife or daughter, and sometimes sister, are often spoken to by the "gentleman" of the house as he would not dare to speak to any other woman, however insignificant. But more particularly is this brute sense of ownership manifested to his wife. A brother finds no particular pleasure in talking sharply or domineering over his sister. He is well aware she may resent it, and retort even more sharply than he addressed her. For a daughter, a father, unless lost to all sense of shame, has usually a peculiar tenderness by which she escapes much of the oppression that other members of the family are exposed to. The restraints of society often prove a stronger protection to the wife from her husband's irritability and unjust censures than his professed affection for her. And more's the pity! It is often the case that polite, deferential attentions will be more frequently proffered by gentlemen outside the family circle than from her husband. Do any need to be told whereunto this tends? The daily papers are full of what may follow.

But cruel, unnatural and mean as this is, it is not always confined to the masculine in the household. We wish we could prove that a lady never "answers back," when "reviled, revileth not again," never returns railing for railing, a sharp retort for a bitter word, or meets discourtesy with equal neglect and indifference. We blush to acknowledge that the wife is perhaps as often responsible for the beginning of evil in this respect as her husband. Public opinion has as strong hold on her as on a man—even stronger, as woman has more of that kind of pride which holds her back from the open exhibition of the irritation that is driving her almost furious, than a man. She will not allow the public gossips to hold her up to the gaze of the world if self-restraint is possible.

But all the courtesy and amiability, the deference and respectful attention exhibited in public or to friends outside, are worthless to man or woman if the same are not more earnestly extended to each in the sacred precincts of home. Love that shines in the most kindly acts, respectful attention, quick to see what may be needed or gratifying—the most perfect courtesy at home or nowhere. All that is found outside should be but the overflow of that which is unchanging and perpetual in the charmed circle of home. There is where we must seek for the true lady and gentleman. If not fully developed and sacredly maintained there, but prominently exhibited elsewhere, the sentiment is spurious—a counterfeit. Tender as may be the exhibition of that spirit which is the spark from God's altar that kindles the home fire, fond and loving, and caressing as may be its revelation, it never degenerates into that overfamiliarity that is the bane to the best and noblest emotions.—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher in New York Star.

Hints Concerning Etiquette.

"For reasons which must be perfectly obvious," Aunt Ruth continues, "introductions to young women ought to be made with great caution. He who introduces a young man should first know his character and habits to be irreproachable; if there is missionary work to be done let it be by those having more judgment and experience than a girl of 18. If an undesirable acquaintance persists in calling, 'not at home' is the proper message to send him—she is not at home to him, and to call this form a falsehood, is prudish. It might be preferable to send word that she was engaged, which would be the same thing. Not to recognize him upon the street would be the cut direct and can be necessary only in extreme cases. To fail to return a call where there is no family affliction and no explanation offered, is sufficient to show to a lady that the acquaintance is to drop, and is not often misunderstood. On this subject an English writer has well said: 'This etiquette, which may appear trivial and over punctilious, is in reality a power which society places in the hands of ladies to govern and determine their acquaintanceship and their intimacies, to regulate and decide whom they will admit into their friendship, and whom they will keep on the most distant footing. As such it is to be commended.' It is a dissipation to have too long a visiting list, we cannot know every one intimately and must make our selection according to taste and natural affinity.

"However much custom differs in different places, it 'is usual to call only between the hours of 3 and 6.' Formal calls need not last longer than fifteen minutes; the more social should not be extended until the caller becomes a bore. You remember Mrs. Brown whom we used to dread to see. Often making her appearance before lunch, and generally on those days when your mother was making a carpet or hanging some curtains or when there was only enough 'left over' to go round, she stayed till night. If she came after lunch and Mrs. Strong or Miss Granger appeared, Mrs. Brown was sure to monopolize the conversation and to out stay them. The genus bore is ubiquitous and there will be the usual number among your neighbors. Your way is not to let them get a foothold; keep on your dignity till you have made your selection of friends and unbend only to them. Half the world of women overrun the other half heedlessly or out of want of that mental culture which would give them interest and occupation. Vacuity is the parent of heedlessness as well as vice."—Hester M. Poole in Good Housekeeping.

The Martyrdom of Fashion.

Mrs. Frances Willard, the able president of the Women's Christian Temperance union, who has devoted her whole life to leaguing the women against the traffic which has made martyrs of so many of them, has never herself been able to escape the martyrdom of women's fashions. In a recent publication she cries out against the miseries of high heels and tight corsets, and yet she evidently continues to wear them, for she says that she "has never known a single physically reasonable or comfortable day since that sweet May morning, in her 16th year, when she was first confronted with corsets, high heels, hairpins, long petticoats, and such like instruments of torture."

She declares that since then she has "ceased to be a denizen of God's beautiful outdoors, and has remained in her cage—the house—right through all the years because her high heels threw her out of poise, and the clinging folds of her long tailed gown bothered her." She says that "I say to myself so often, 'If I could only put on a hat, button a coat around me and step out freely, how delightful that would be.' But no; there are intricate preliminaries of changing slippers for boots and a wrapper for a walking gown before a woman can do so simple a thing as go for a constitutional."

Which shows that it is easier to reform the whole world than abandon one's own feminine vanities.—New York World.

Treatment of Ingrowing Nails.

A very common and troublesome affection is that which is popularly termed "the ingrowth of the nails," and which most usually occurs by the side of the great toe. There is really no alteration in the nail, as its name would imply; the surrounding soft parts are first swelled and inflamed by constant pressure against the edge of the nail from the use of tight shoes. If this state is permitted to continue, an ulcer is formed in which the edge of the nail is imbedded. Pain is the consequence, sufficiently severe in some instances to prevent walking.

Treatment for this condition often demands the skill of a physician. The sufferer might attempt a cure by the simpler methods, and, if they fail, professional assistance should be sought. The first object is to remove the cause, then to lessen the irritation and reduce the swelling. After soaking in hot water the nail should be thinned by scraping, and, if very painful, a flaxseed poultice will bring relief. After the irritation has sufficiently subsided, soft cotton should be pressed between the flesh and the nail, and after that is done, it should be saturated with the tincture of iodine, and the application repeated several days, after which the tenderness will disappear. It may be necessary to lift the end of the nail, and this can be done by pressing cotton between it and the toe. This treatment is usually effective, and is attended with as little pain as any which can be suggested.—Boston Journal of Health.

The Quiet Style the Best.

The quiet girl never wears high colors on the street. You do not see her flaunting in brilliant plaids when they happen to be the style. When high hats are "in," she does not pile hers so high that it sweeps the cobwebs from the sky. She does not wear an exaggerated bang when the bang is in vogue, nor the biggest bustle in town, nor the longest train to her tea gown, nor the greatest number of bangles when bangles reign. But because she does not chatter and giggle and make herself conspicuous in horse cars or at matinees, does not announce her convictions on all occasions and all subjects and profess her admiration at every turn, it must not be supposed that she has no ideas, convictions or enthusiasms; that she moves along like a star in the heavens, which obeys the laws of gravitation without selecting its course or objecting to its orbit. It is the quiet girl who makes the best match, who fills the niches which her more brilliant sisters leave vacant, who manages the servants, runs the sewing machine, remembers the birthdays, listens to the reminiscences of the old and often keeps the wolf from the door.—Easton Argus.

Let the Bumped Child Sleep.

It is a general idea that if a child has a fall, striking its head, and shows a tendency to sleep thereafter, every effort must be made to keep it awake. Now, according to one of our best physicians, this theory is a mistaken one, and much harm is done in trying to prevent sleep. Rest is what the brain of the sufferer wants more than anything else, and, if not allowed, what might have passed off in a few hours may result in inflammation and terminate in death. Do not feel frightened, mothers, if your boy rolls down stairs, bumps his head with force, and then shows a disposition to sleep; lay him on the bed, loosen his clothes, and apply thin cloths wet with witch hazel or water to his head. Keep his feet and limbs warm with irons, or bottles filled with hot water. Darken the room, and keep it as quiet as possible, and when the doctor comes nature will have aided him in his treatment by her "sweet restorer," sleep.—New Orleans Picayune.

Children's Teeth.

Most children will enjoy brushing their own teeth. Just here let us offer a word of advice. Begin when your baby is eighteen months old to clean his tiny teeth, and keep it up as regularly as you do your own. Dentists will tell you this is none too early; that the second set will be all the sounder, and besides the children will be spared much suffering from toothache.—Good Housekeeping.

Since so many women have to spend so much of their lives in the kitchen it should be made a place of comfort. Be sure and have a lounge or easy chair there.

Towels, brushes and combs should be apportioned upon the army plan. Each member of the family should be provided with a separate outfit.

When laid away for any length of time, linen should be washed, rough dried without blueing, and laid in loose folds without much weight on it.

Fried Indian meal pudding—so called—is as toothsome a breakfast dish, for the rising generation, as one can travel many miles to secure.

The best bathrooms have a natural wood floor, or are covered with oilcloth or something of that kind of material.

To remove white spots from table or other furniture, rub the spots with camphor and they will disappear.

Decayed vegetables should not be left in the cellar, and cellars should be whitewashed to be kept sweet and clean.

Put salt in the water to prevent black calicoes from fading when they are washed.

Books and pictures, in intelligent families, now rank next to bread and butter.

To fumigate a house, burn in it sulphur of tar; then whitewash and paint.

A STUDY IN WHITE.

Within a silvery light the lady stands
Like some fair saint. Her robe of purest white
A border bears of zephyr woven down
From cygnet's snowy breast. And from her head,
So nobly poised, there falls a misty scarf
Spun from the finest fleece of shepherd's fold.
In rings, all argentine, her hair lies soft
On pure, pale brow, where intellect is writ.
As pure the hands that with such kindly grace
A welcome hold. But now she speaks, and O!
Her guileless words unconsciously reveal
Whiter than all—the woman's spotless soul!
—Mai Stevens in Home Journal.

A PHILANTHROPIC JOKE.

A Chicago Man Makes a Fruit Woman Happy by a Little Deception.

"How easy it is to make some people happy by deceiving them a little!" was the philosophic remark of Mr. Jacques Haskins, as he turned from his desk to relate a bit of his recent experience. "There is an Italian woman—a good, clean, hard working woman—who comes up here every day with fruit to sell. One day I was walking on Adams street, I think it was, and I saw her walking in front of me with her basket on her arm. Two men were standing in a store door, and I heard one of them say: 'Don't you remember that woman? She used to have a fruit stand in front of my store in Memphis in war times. Her name is Cunio.'

"That afternoon when she came into my office I looked a little sharply at her and said: 'Haven't I seen you somewhere before—somewhere besides here in Chicago?' 'I don't know,' said she dubiously; 'your face seems sort of natural to me.' 'Let me see,' said I, assuming a meditative posture; 'didn't you used to have a fruit stand in Memphis?' Her eyes brightened as she said she did. 'Right in front of Lowenstein's store?' I said. This was a venture, for I had merely taken it for granted that the gentleman who had spoken of her was Mr. Lowenstein, because that was the name on the sign of the store where he was standing, and he looked sort of like the proprietor. But it hit the mark. 'Yes,' said the woman, setting down her basket and looking as tickled as could be, 'that was me.' 'That was about—let me see—about twenty-three or four years ago,' I said. She moved her lips as if she were making a calculation, and then, all smiles, said: 'Yes, I was there then.' 'Your name is Cunio, is it not?' I added. This was the last feather. That I should remember so much about her and even be able to call her by name gave her the greatest joy. Tears even came into her eyes, and we shook hands heartily.

"Then I proceeded to make her remember me. 'Don't you remember,' I said, 'I used to go to lunch at that little restaurant just down beyond Lowenstein's, and I used to buy fruit of you, and stand and talk to you almost every day?' She looked at me a long time and finally imagination did its work, as it always will, and she remembered me perfectly. You never saw anybody more pleased. If I had been a long lost brother she could not have been happier at meeting me. She told me all about her family, every member of which I, of course, remembered more or less distinctly, and all about her life since then, which would make an interesting story to write. Then she made up a big bag of fruit which I let her give to me, because it seemed to please her so much to do so. Since that I have, however, been a pretty regular customer of hers, and I mean to be as long as she keeps coming. What if it is true that I never was in Memphis in my life? She has told me so much about it that I could go all over the city in the dark now, and I am sure I have given that poor hard working woman as much pleasure as if I had brought to her in fact an old friend."—Chicago News.

Furniture of the Catacombs.

The furniture of the Catacombs is instructive and interesting, but most of it has been removed to churches and museums, and must be studied outside. Articles of ornament, rings, seals, bracelets, necklaces, mirrors, took picks, ear picks, buckles, brooches, rare coins, innumerable lamps of clay (terra cotta) or of bronze (even of silver and amber) all sorts of tools, and in the case of children a variety of playthings were inclosed with the dead. Many of these articles are carved with the monogram of Christ or with other Christian symbols. (The lamps in Jewish cemeteries generally bear a picture of the golden candlestick.)

A great number of flasks and cups, with or without ornamentation, are also found, mostly outside of the graves and fastened to the grave lids. These were formerly supposed to have been receptacles for tears, or, from the red, dried sediment in them, for the blood of martyrs. But later archæologists consider them drinking vessels used in the agapæ and oblations. A superstitious habit prevailed in the Fourth century, although condemned by a council of Carthage (397) to to give to the dead the eucharistic wine, or to put a cup with the consecrated wine into the grave.

The instruments of torture which the fertile imagination of credulous people had discovered, and which were made to prove that almost every Christian buried in the Catacombs was a martyr, are simply implements of handicraft. The instinct of nature prompts the bereaved to deposit in the graves of their kindred and friends those things which were constantly used by them. The idea prevailed also, to a large extent, that the future life was a continuation of the occupations and amusements of the present, but free from sin and imperfection.

On opening the graves the skeleton frequently appears even now very well preserved, sometimes in dazzling whiteness, as covered with glistening glory, but falls into dust at the touch.—The Century.

Difficulties of Placer Mining.

It will not pay investors nowadays to go into placer mining without looking a long way ahead. It is only in countries where there are no farms or arable ground that placers can be mined for any length of time without harassing and costly legislation. The farmers whose lands are injured by the refuse of the placers washed down the streams are the ones that make the trouble, and blackmailers use the cloak of the farmer to extort money from the company. In Montana there has been no trouble of this kind, but in California placer mining has been killed, and in Colorado the fight is just beginning between the miners and the farmers. In one county the farmers are now trying to stop the running of every ore mill in the county, complaining of the tailings carried down by the streams, and if they succeed the Colorado placers might as well be given up at once.—Mining Engineer in Globe Democrat.

A Lucky Dog.

Brown—You're a lucky dog, Robinson. So you married a girl worth half a million dollars in her own right.

Robinson (rather more sadly than the circumstances seem to warrant)—Yes.

Brown—You ought to put up the drinks.

Robinson—All right, old man. Just wait while I run into the house and see if I can get a dollar.—Life.

Buttonholes in children's garments are apt to tear out, especially in waists and drawers bands. If you will stitch a strong cord immediately in front of the buttonholes you will have no more trouble of this kind.

THE MEDICAL MUSEUM.

SOME OF THE GHASTLY RELICS KEPT ON EXHIBITION.

Curiosities of the Government Collection at Washington—Freaks of Rifle Balls. Reminiscences of Indian Wars—Sections of Bones—Gen. Sickles' Leg.

But the museum abounds in things that are of intrinsic interest. There are object lessons illustrating the wonderful freaks of rifle balls. One of these is a section of a skull with the ball which struck it split in two, one-half going inside and inflicting the wound which caused death, the other half remaining on the outside between the scalp and the skull. The soldier who received this remarkable wound at Spottsylvania lived twenty-three days.

Still more wonderful than this case is one where a minie ball struck the soft bone of the nose and divided. Along with this goes the head of the man who put the muzzle of a pistol in his mouth and fired. The ball passed through the jugular vein and stuck fast in the bone, acting as a stopper on hemorrhage from the vein. The would be suicide lived seventeen years before yielding up his head to make museum visitors marvel.

INDIAN BABIES.

The museum possesses quite a collection of papooses, picked up by the army surgeons in the wild west and forwarded. The withered and battered remains have been "cured" by long exposure to sun and wind on the elevated stages where the Indians used to bury, but they are not pleasant to look upon. The most notable of these papooses is a little chap, said to have been found in a tree near Laramie. He is dressed in a suit of blue, upon which the Indian mother has sewed a great collection of buttons. Around the neck is a string of beads, and on the feet are little embroidered moccasins.

Reminiscences of the Indian wars are numerous. There is the skull of one brave who only succumbed when he had been sabered nine times. At least that must be the conclusion, for the cranium shows nine distinct penetrating cuts from the sword. Of course it is not to be supposed that the white man amused himself by whacking away needlessly at the red man's head after the latter was hors de combat. The skull belonged to an Araucanian, who was killed by Chilian soldiers. The skull of the favorite squaw of Little Bear, the Indian chief, is a very good companion piece to the above. She was killed in Wyoming. In the preserved cranium are seven bullet holes.

One day after the war closed there came to Washington a one armed veteran. He had a bundle wrapped in paper, and he said it was something that ought to be in the museum. When the wrappings were taken off there was brought to view a human arm. The muscles had dried hard and the skin had been tanned by the action of the wind and sun. So complete had been nature's process that there was nothing disagreeable but the looks of the arm. The drying and shrinking of the flesh had left the jagged bone bare at one end, and the same causes had clinched the fingers at the other. The veteran's story was that in the battle at Gettysburg a cannon ball had taken off his arm. Unconscious, he had been carried to the field hospital, and then to the general hospital. Months afterward he had regained his health and had been discharged. Curiosity prompted him to visit the battlefield and live over his terrible experience. He found, after some trouble, the spot where he stood when the cannon ball discovered him. It was in a corn field, and there between the furrows was the arm in the well preserved condition apparent. The scientific gentlemen of the museum didn't think it worth while to take the soldier's affidavit. They saw at a glance that the arm was an interesting specimen, aside from its history. They took it, mounted it upon two supports in a glass case, and gave it a place of prominence in the museum.

WONDERFUL WORK WITH ARROWS.

Some of the wonderful accomplishments of the Indians with their arrows are illustrated in a very realistic manner. These arrows had heads made of the iron hoops of barrels. A shoulder blade of a buffalo, with the thin, frail looking arrow head piercing it is shown. Upon close examination the visitor discovers that the point projects through the outer side of the bone. The only explanation is that the arrow must have passed through the body of the buffalo and struck the shoulder blade on the inside. These arrow heads may be taken between the fingers and bent with ease, they are so thin; but shot from the bow by the Indian, they went through obstacles which would have stopped a bullet. They penetrated bones without fracturing them, and they made cuts as clean as the keenest surgical blades. The Apache arrow head of soft iron has pierced where a leaden projectile would have flattened.

The visitor sees hung up in the cases here and there sections of bones which possess no significance until it is learned that they have been taken from the arms or legs of men still living. In cases where balls had shattered the bone, surgeons sometimes preferred the operation of cutting out a section instead of adopting the shorter and, for them, easier method of amputation. One of these excised bones hung up in the museum came from the arm of a veteran who was for years an attache of the institution. He used to walk up to the case occasionally and shake his fist at it. Muscle and sinews had developed in place of the missing bone to such an extent as to make the arm strong enough for more than ordinary use. This man could lift 200 pounds with the arm from which the bone had been taken.

Pension Commissioner Black had one of his arms excised, and there is a considerable portion of it which is only gristle and muscle. The bone is gone, and he becomes painfully aware of the fact when he tries to shake hands with 400 or 500 people.

No. 1335 is a large bone with the splintering about midway, where the bullet struck. The tag says: "Maj. Gen. D. E. S., United States volunteers, Gettysburg, July 2; amputated in the lower third of the thigh by Surgeon T. Sim, United States volunteers, on the field. Stump healed rapidly, and subject was able to ride in carriage July 16; completely healed, so that he mounted his horse, in September, 1863. Contributed by the subject." It is the leg of Gen. Sickles, who is still cheerfully stumping about New York and Washington.—"W. B. S." in Globe-Democrat.

Fond of Long Words.

A certain mistress of a household manages to extract a little merriment along with much misery from her sundry cooks of various nationalities.

"Anything wanted today, Katharine?" she asked one morning of the divinity of the kitchen, a tall Nova Scotian, fond of using long words.

"Yes, ma'am, if you would please to investigate in a new ladle for me to stir the soup with when I set it on the back of the range so simper."—Harper's Bazar.

Always eat a boiled egg from the shell. It is the Scotch way and the best way. Any other method greatly detracts from the rich flavor of this nutritious food.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

A VENEZUELA COUNTRY INN.

Airy Rooms with Stone Floors—Bats as Room Mates—Eatables.

The usual country inn all over Venezuela reminds me of those of Mexico, Spain and even northern Africa, for the Moors introduced their mode of living and traveling into Spain, and the Spaniards adopted it for their own country as well as for the colonies, which they founded only a few years after the downfall of the Moors. All these posadas, or fondas, or fonditas, are built in square shape, with an interior courtyard, frequently adorned with flower beds and palm trees and surrounded by galleries. The traveler, after descending from his horse, is usually shown to one of the few large, airy rooms, with stone floor and high ceilings, in which three or four folding beds, consisting of a piece of canvas stretched over a wooden frame, and probably one or two chairs, are the only pieces of furniture. In larger towns of 6,000 to 8,000 inhabitants there will be even a wash table, but its presence is not insisted upon by the weary traveler, who can as well do his washing in the river or the acequia.

Sometimes one room has to be shared with two or three fellow travelers, invariably men, for I stopped at posadas where female travelers have not been seen for years. There are, of course, no glass windows in any of the country "hotels," but the windows are barred with heavy iron gratings and wooden staves. On convenient places under the ceiling there are iron hooks and rings, for the wealthier traveler frequently carries his own hammock, on which, suspended across the room, he prefers to pass the nights sheltered against the attacks of centipedes, scorpions or minor bloodthirsty things, but without defense against bats, some of which are very large. I did not sleep in many rooms without a few bats as room mates. Even in private houses on the haciendas of the wealthier planters they flitted about the room. When they became too familiar and approached my face I got up, and, shaking a sheet, drove them out of the window; but they invariably returned, without, however, ever settling down on my face.

One might be able to keep snoring fellow travelers out of the room by engaging all the beds, but sometimes, when guests are numerous and accommodations scanty, one cannot help sharing the room with them. The almuerzo and the comida are not the best, but there are always eggs, chicken, salad and coffee to be had, while in the larger towns red wine is included in the meals and not paid for extra. The reader will probably not be tempted to undertake any travels in Venezuela, but I must confess that I fared worse in many countries with the reputation of being far more civilized than our sister republic. Travelers, after riding on horseback day after day, sometimes for weeks, are usually so tired that they will sleep anywhere and so hungry that they will eat anything. As a precaution against accidents I invariably carried a bottle of brandy and a few tablets of chocolate along.—E. De Hesse Warteg.

As Bad as Living in a Flat.

The wife of a western congressman, quite well known in the house, has a cozy little apartment, and in the dining room—she has three rooms in all—is a curious looking settle, or sofa, which has often attracted the attention of her visitors. It looks like a large box covered with imitation Indian cloth. It has figures and plenty of gold thread running through it, while the top is tuft, and makes a rather soft seat.

She had some guests to tea the other evening, and one of them remained later than the others. The guest was seated on the sofa, sipping a glass of wine, talking to the congressman and his wife, when the door suddenly opened and an apparition appeared on the threshold. It was the 6-year-old child of the member from the west. The boy was arrayed in his night clothes, and carried over one arm a rough bath towel, while under the other he had snugly tucked away a large sponge. In one hand he held a cake of soap, and the other hand grasped the knob of the door. His mother gave an exclamation of surprise when she beheld him, but before she could say anything the enfant terrible shouted out: "I say, Mr. Jones," thus addressing the stranger, "how much longer are you going to stay? I have been waiting here for the last hour for you to go home, so I can take my bath. Do you known you are sitting on the bath tub, and I cannot get in until you go home."

The scene that followed can be imagined. The gentleman soon after left. The boy, being in very convenient costume, had a sound spanking, while his mother lifted the top off the curious looking sofa and displayed inside the zinc lined bath tub, spigots and all complete. The guest gave the joke away, and now the member swears that next time he entertains he will hire a house if it takes all his salary. He has had enough of this mechanical furniture, and especially bath tubs hidden in sofas.—Baltimore American.

Three Phases of Human Nature.

I happened to be witness to an accident a few days ago, which gave an interesting exhibition of two or three phases of human nature. The car was so well filled that several women were left standing, holding on by the straps, apparently, as my friend the Cynic contends, preferring this mode of transit to the delay of waiting for a car with seat room. One of these women, failing to attract the notice of the conductor at the place where she wished to be set down, herself reached for the bell rope, and of course pulled the cord of the register. The clang of the gong, carrying in its tone a semblance of nickels dropping from his own pocket into the treasury of the company, startled the conductor out of his self possession, and he dashed inside, upraiding the careless passenger, representing himself as injured, and demanding repayment as a condition of stopping the car. But the recording angel, as I may be permitted to call the woman, was quick to comprehend the advantage of her position, and when the conductor insisted upon reimbursement because "he would have to pay it," reached again for the cord with an expression of wrathful scorn: "Well, then, pay that! and that! and that!" as she quickly "rang in" three more fares for the astounded man. "There, now!" she ejaculated with satisfaction, as she made her way to the platform.—Boston Post.

At Central Park.

A portly lady endeavored to skate on the ice at Central park, but she suddenly sat down, making a noise like an iron safe dropping from a sixth story window.

A gentleman ran to her assistance, and as he helped her to her feet he remarked:

"I presume you are skating for the first time."

"No, for the last time," replied the disgusted female.—Texas Siftings.

The Health Map.

The latest fad in England is the health map. It is simply a diagram of the muscles of the body, with directions how to exercise those which one's particular habit of life neglects. The various parts of the body are divided into groups. Group five relates to "cold feet." The exercise prescribed would be of great benefit, I should think, to those men who invariably leave a card table when they have won a stake.—New York Star.

NEWSPAPER WORK.

WHAT IS SAID OF IT BY A MAN OF EXPERIENCE.

A Young Man Apt to Be Disappointed in Editorial Work—The Duties of a Reporter—Hours of Labor—Behind the Scenes.

William Schachtel, whose connection with the press of Utica has been long and honorable, made an address before the Y. M. C. A. in that city last week on "Newspaper Work."

Mr. Schachtel said: "The young man about entering journalism as an editorial writer is apt to be greatly disappointed when he finds that the rule by which he must judge is the broad, liberal and impartial one of the world, rather than his own narrow and sometimes biased opinion. But, you say, an editor should surely have the courage to express his convictions. Granted, and there is not an editor living who will say that he does not hold the opinions expressed in his editorials: but if the truth were known it would be found that his individual and private opinion is far in advance of that which he expresses in print. Many editorials are as remarkable for what they omit as for what they actually do say. Journalism is not the only field, however, whose toilers are often 'wise as serpents and harmless as doves,' and who temper principle with policy.

"The duties of a reporter are simply clerical. He is to make a clear, true statement of what facts he finds, and in nine cases out of ten it is as devoid of comment as a frog is of hair. Comment and the editorial "we" are the prerogatives of an editor, and it is better so, as reporters have responsibilities enough without it.

"Another fact which is not a pleasing revelation to a young reporter is that his time is never his own. He does not work a given number of hours, or regular hours, as is the case in almost every other branch of industry. If occasion requires it, he must work twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four, and be ready to repeat it the next day. The work of reporting is regular only in its irregularity. Regular hours for meals or for sleep must be discarded, and often to suit the merest whims of individuals. Many can not stand the physical strain, while many others give up and seek work in other fields. On the morning papers, as a rule, the reporters rise at noon, go to work at 1:30 or 2 p. m., work until dinner time, which is any time before 8 p. m., returning to work immediately afterward, and continuing until 2:30 or 3 a. m., when the paper goes to press, then writing letters to correspondents and laying out work for the next day. Supper consists of a cold lunch intended to be eaten at midnight, but oftener never touched until the day's work is done. If lucky, the reporter gets to bed at 5 a. m., to sleep till noon, then repeat the same programme.

"If he is called to go out of town to report a trial in court or a morning sermon in church, he must rise at 9 a. m., and thereby lose three hours of sleep. On an afternoon paper the hours are no shorter. At work from 7 a. m. to 10 and 11 p. m., afternoon newspaper reporters fare no better, and as their busiest hour is at noon, they often do not get their dinner until 4 p. m., after the paper has gone to press. If you should find this mass of detail uninteresting, the apology must be that this sketch was written in hours which rightfully belong to sleep. The great diversity of the work is another feature which is apt to prove a stumbling block in the path of a young reporter. That it is necessary for him to know what he is writing about is self evident. Neither his education nor his brief experience in the practical affairs of life can have been sufficient to make him familiar with the many subjects on which he is called to write.

"In regard to what appears the most attractive in a reporter's position—the loaves and fishes—let me say, once for all, there is not a single, honest, self-respecting reporter who does not wish from the bottom of his heart they were abolished altogether. To be freely admitted to a dramatic entertainment in consideration of the fact that you write a notice for it, may seem a high privilege to some; yet even such sordid natures can understand that in a case where the reporter knows beforehand that the entertainment will be inferior or not suited to his tastes, the duty of attending becomes a punishment. He attends and does his work, but with no more enjoyment than the hired singers at a funeral, the musicians at the ball or the waiters at the banquet. It is a matter of business; that is all. As a means of earning a livelihood newspaper work is far less remunerative than is generally believed. It is very galling to many newspaper writers, editors as well as reporters, to know that they are working for less money than the compositors who put their articles in type.

"From the facts thus given in regard to newspaper work it would appear anything but attractive or remunerative, yet that it has substantial charms cannot be denied. 'Knowledge is power,' and there is great satisfaction in newspaper work, because one adds to his stock of knowledge every day. From continued experience and habits of close observation a reporter comes to see things as they are from the inside, from behind the scenes, and not as they appear to the world outside. Life's tragedy and comedy he sees mingled about him every day, and his work is made interesting by its contrasts, which are often startling. Many things which he prints may be interesting, but the things he does not print would often be more so."—Auburn (N. Y.) Dispatch.

A Sweet Revenge.

If anecdotes of princes are considered readable, no matter how mild, why may I not tell one concerning John Jacob Astor the Fourth, who has just come into society from college. It is absolutely true, if not thrilling. When he was an urchin, his mother one evening was having a swell party at the house. At at early stage of the proceedings the maternal mandate went forth: "Now, Johnnie, go upstairs and stay there. This is no place for you. Your turn will come by and by, and then you will have a good time of your own." John was outwardly calm, but inwardly seething as he tenderly embraced the authoress of his being, and repaired upward.

A half hour later found him sliding down the banisters on his way to the basement. Here lay a shapely basket of onions. It was but the work of an instant to bring forth the trusty jackknife. Ten minutes later various chunks and layers of the savory esculent were frying in their own fat amid the hot air pipes that lead to the parlor. Whew! What on earth? And where? Delicate self control marked the demeanor of those who "smelt something." Then came sudden leave takings. A discomfited hostess merged into a wrathy mistress, and servants went with dismay in the fruitless hunt for the smell. Search high and low was unavailing. The house smelt to heaven, while young Johnnie held his robust little stomach with both hands like the young colera victim. The gray dawn found him reclining gently on his aforesaid stomach for a terrific spanking. Truly, his time had come sooner than was expected; but he was heard to remark, at the worst stages, that he was "glad he had his laugh out first."—New York Letter.

CENTRAL PARK'S CHIMPANZEE.

Crowley's Destructive Propensities—Capture of a Policeman's White Gloves.

Crowley's worst quality is the irresistible propensity to destroy every object he can lay his hands on, including live animals. A dog or cat he will almost instantly tear to pieces; in fact, the sight of a small animal seems to put him into a fury. A tiny monkey brought by a lady on her shoulder made him so wild that he acted like a maniac; he threw handful after handful of sawdust all over his audience; he shook the bars of his cage with suggestive violence; he put up his lips like a trumpet and cried "Hoo! hoo!" at it; he tore around the cage in a transport, and lastly he spit at it. This is one of the bad tricks he has learned from ill bred and teasing boys who visit him, and he has become so expert that he can reach his mark eight feet away. During the above exhibition of temper the unfortunate little creature, a beautiful squirrel monkey, six inches long, was out of its senses with fright, chattered and fairly screamed in terror.

This lamentable destructive tendency demands a strong guard rail before the cage at the length of Mr. Crowley's arm, for he is always ready to thrust out one of those long, sinewy members and snatch at hat, parasol, or anything he can reach; once in his clutches it is lost. A park policeman stood one day talking to him, inside the rail by virtue of his office. Crowley sat on the floor close by the bars, absorbed in contemplation of his brand new white gloves. Very gently he pulled the tips of the fingers one after the other, quietly loosening them, till suddenly, like a flash, he snatched it off and bounded to the back of his cage. In vain the hapless policeman commanded and coaxed, begged and threatened. Mr. Crowley, entirely unmoved, sat calmly down to enjoy his prize. First he put it on his hand, using his teeth to help, and then held it up for the audience to see, with every finger spread, grinning with delight. But not being able to arrange it to his satisfaction he tore it to strings, and passed a happy fifteen minutes while reducing it to its primitive state of thread, holding one part in the bend of the thigh—the monkey's convenient pocket—while he worked on another.

On another occasion one of the park men went inside of the rail to speak to the chimpanzee. Crowley sat quietly on the floor looking at him and thrusting his hands out to play, as was his custom.

"Look out, there!" warned the keeper.

"Oh, Mr. Crowley knows me," was hardly out of his mouth in response before Mr. Crowley fastened his fingers upon the lapels of his coat, one on each side, and gave them such a jerk that the man was dashed violently against the bars, and the coat split down the back like so much paper.—Olive Thorne Miller in Cosmopolitan.

An East Indian Sybarite.

The death of the last king of Oudh deprives Calcutta of a picturesque and almost legendary personage. To the visitor the red and blue roof of his palace, the gardens, stocked with wild beasts and brilliant birds, his innumerable guards and attendants and the tens of thousands of pigeons that were always wheeling above the grounds seemed to embody the fantastic life of native India. The men guarding the doors were all his own sepoys from Cawnpore, and once you had an order to penetrate the charmed circle you passed through a beautiful succession of groves and parterres and miniature grass plots and pleasant terraces. His menagerie fell away of late, but some years back it almost rivaled the famous collection in the London zoo. A tank somethink like 150 yards square was covered with storks and pelicans and swans, and had ample well wooded rambling grounds around it. The smaller birds were sheltered in lofty aviaries. The lions and tigers and wolves and other ferocious animals were, of course, caged, but caged very comfortably.

In another garden a building that looked like a magnified ant hill was fixed in the center of a large square well, and was carefully surrounded with water. Here the snakes were segregated, and 500 of them lived in the narrow holes with which the strange building was artificially honeycombed. It used to be one of the great sights of the day to see them fed with frogs. But his pigeons formed the great feature of the king's collection.

"One who knew him" writes that he led a kingly life to the end, though he had not more than 7,000 subjects to govern. "He held court and received legal honors, created titled nobles according to his caprice, and traveled over his grounds in a campan, occupying at different times different country seats, like other kings." At one time he would watch his animals and his fishes being fed, at another his rams and cocks and quails would be brought up to fight before him. He had, we are told, a prevailing passion for order and cleanliness. He prayed five times a day, though he ate only one meal, but from morning till night he chewed pan sopari and smoked the hookah.—Times of India.

Treatment for Drooping Shoulders.

This is a serious evil. It compromises both appearance and vitality. A stooping figure is not only a familiar expression of weakness or old age, but is, when caused by careless habits, a direct cause of contracted chest and defective breathing. Unless you rid yourself of this crook while at school you will probably go bent to the grave. There is one good way to cure it. Shoulder braces will not help. One needs, not an artificial substitute, but some means to develop the muscles whose duty it is to hold the head and shoulders erect.

I know of but one bull's eye shot. It is to carry a weight on the head. A sheepskin or other strong bag filled with twenty to eighty pounds of sand is a good weight. When engaged in your morning studies, either before or after breakfast, put this bag of sand on the head, hold your head erect, draw your chin close to your neck and walk slowly about the room, coming back, if you please, every minute or two to your book, or carrying the book as you walk. The muscles, whose duty it is to hold head and shoulders erect, are hit not with scattering shot, but with a rifle ball. The bones of the spine and intervertebral substance will soon accommodate themselves to the new attitude. One year of daily practice with the bag, half an hour morning and evening, will give you a noble carriage without interfering a moment with your studies. It would be very difficult to put into a paragraph more important instructions than this. Your respiration, voice and strength of spine, to say nothing of your appearance, will find a new departure in this cure of drooping shoulders.—Dr. Dio Lewis.

Theodore Tilton.

Theodore Tilton is living in a remote quarter of Paris in by no means affluent circumstances. His dress is almost shabby and with his hair hanging about his shoulders he presents a peculiar appearance as he walks about the streets of the French capital. He does a little literary work now and then, but writes with no regularity.—New York World.

Another Name.

Mother—You mustn't refer to the stomach, Bobby; it isn't polite.

Bobby—Well, what shall I say it is—the appetite?—The Epoch.

A CAR DRIVER'S TALK.

ONE OF THE MANY WHO ARE STRANGERS AT HOME.

An Early Breakfast—A Workman Who Doesn't Get Time to See His Children. Story of a Busy Life—Hard on the Legs. Benefits of Organization.

I'm driving in Brooklyn now, and I'll tell you what the last tie-up done for us, speaking about organizing. Before that we used to get five minutes for lunch, and the "super" told us we came there to work, and not to eat; now we get forty minutes. Then we used to have to put the team away, and take the collars off, when we came in at the end of the day's work, and also get there half an hour early and find our team, one in one end of the stable and the other in the other end, and harness 'em and bring 'em out to the car. Now that's all done for us. And then we used to have to wash our cars, and we used to have to buy the bell for the off horse, which cost 75 cents. Well, that's all changed. We don't do none of those things now, and get forty minutes for lunch besides. The difference is this, that I knew plenty of fellows that used to leave home, say at 3 in the morning, and not get home again till after 8 at night, and then if another man was took sick you had to take his place, so that I've done three hours extra on top of my day and got home at midnight and not seen a soul of my family in thirty-eight hours many a time, without a cent extra pay. But there's no more of that.

I get up about half past 5 in the morning and light the fire and crack the ice in the pitcher, may be, and I cook myself an egg or two and some coffee, and if my wife's awake I slip in and whisper a word with her without waking the children, and then I'm on deck at 7 o'clock. I don't live near the stable on account of the bad neighborhood for bringing up little ones, so I can't get home to my lunch; but I've got four decent rooms and decent people for neighbors above and below me, and I pay $10 a month. I get $2 a day and work seven days, because I need all I can make. I give my wife all except twelve shillings, which gets me my lunches and tobacco, and she used to lay up a dollar now and then, but that's all gone, and there's no laying up now on account of her and me needing the doctor. Well, I get home at 8 at night and take my loaf and read my paper till 10 o'clock, with the bite of supper she saves over for me, and then I go to bed. The only thing hard is my not seeing my children.

I can truly thank God that my little Emma knows me now, but up to 3 years old she did not know me from any passer by in the street. I had a chum, and he didn't believe me when I said that, but he believes me now. This is how it was: I was doing my fourteen and sixteen hours' work on the Third avenue in New York, and I had need of every cent and a constitution like a horse, so I made every day tell. I had been doing that till little Emmie was 3 years old, and then my leg began to trouble me, and one day I had to lay off. I couldn't walk without help, so Jack, my chum, got away and helped me home. There was Emmie and her mother and Jack and me, each took a chair, and I whispered to my wife so that the little girl wouldn't hear me.

"Emmie, dear," says my wife, God bless and keep her to me, "one of these gentlemen is your father. Do you know which one it is?"

"This is my papa," says she.

And then Jack believed what I'd been telling him, for the little child walked right over to him and climbed on his knee and put up her mouth for a kiss. She had seen my beard in the bed once in a while, but Jack's beard and mine were as like as two brooms, and she chose the wrong one.

Well, in one way of looking at it, I'm sorry to say that she knows me now quite as a child ought to. May be it's what they call a Providence, and the finger of God is in it, but, anyhow, my legs is that bad now that once in a while I have to lay off for a day and rest them by walking about and sitting down—for when you get a car driver's leg on you it's a curious thing that walking is as good for it (if you can stand the pain) as sitting down. What do I mean by a driver's leg? Well, you'll find many a man at the break has it in these three cities, where they'll not let a driver sit down, and in fact all will get it sooner or later if they stick to the business. It comes of standing up so many hours without the chance to walk that a conductor has, up and down the car collecting the fares. One driver's legs will be the size of telegraph poles, and another one, like me, will get bunches of veins as big as your fist sticking out of his legs. There's no cure except the almshouse or the potter's field, though I do find a great help in my elastic stocking. I'm a better man since I put it on.

All the talk about the torture a man feels when he first gets on a car—well, it isn't bosh, for you see young fellows give up their jobs every week on account of the agony they suffer—but it ain't the first few day; it's the whole life. It's hard on the legs, and they never get use to it. A young fellow thinks if he's stranded and knows about horses that he can be a driver. Well, he'll find out it's more in the constitution of a man than in knowing about horses. I wore out the first pain in my legs in about three or four days. But then came the swollen veins. They must come. It's the natural consequence of the business. "Leave railroading," says my doctor. Oh, it's easy to say it, but when a man is tied to a pair of car horses and has a wife and family to support there's no such thing as looking for other work. It won't come to him, and how can he go to it? But in the regards of that I think I am very lucky, for my boy will be old enough to apprentice to a machinist of my acquaintance in another couple of years, and after that he'll chip in a little toward keeping the family and I'll be able to lay off a day now and then.

I spoke about the almshouse and the potter's field, but there's no such thing for us. That's another old thing done away with by means of organizing. In our local we get $5 a week when we are sick—which will pacify the landlord and keep a bite in the cupboard. In case of death there's no provision, but we make up a subscription and get together $40 or $50, may be, which is enough to leave the potter's field in the distance; and the only cost to us of keeping up the local is thirty-five cents a month, so that we don't feel it very hard, though there's a dozen things crying for every cent that most of us earn. Now, that's pretty much all I can think of about driving a car.—New York Sun Interview.

Thought It Was Witchery.

The postoffice of a small settlement near the Rhine, Germany, had recently been supplied with a telegraph connection. An inexperienced farm laborer stops before the window, and, seeing the postmaster working the apparatus, says: "I never saw such a sewing machine. Can I look at it?" The postmaster asks him to step in and shows him all about it. The farmer looks and listens, half astonished, half incredulous, and finally, shaking his head, he said: "Look ye here—sewing machine, or tell tale machine, it is all witchery either way."—Foreign Letter.

A LEGACY.

Friend of my many years!
When the great silence falls, at last on me,
Let me not leave to pain and sadden thee
A memory of tears.

But pleasant thoughts alone
Of one who was thy friendship's honored guest,
And drank the wine of consolation pressed
From sorrows of thine own.

I leave with thee a sense
Of hands upheld and trials rendered less—
The unselfish joy which is to helpfulness
Its own great recompense;

The knowledge that from thine,
As from the garments of the master, stole
Calmness and strength, the virtue which makes whole
And heals without a sign;

Yes, more, the assurance strong
That love, which fails of perfect utterance here,
Lives on to fill the heavily atmosphere
With its immortal song.
—John. G. Whittier in the Independent.

SULPHUR FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

The Experiments of a Yonkers Inventor. Yankee Grandmothers Vindicated.

There are a great many interesting characters among the inventors who yearly troop down to Washington to see about their patents. One of these men, William Heckert, of Yonkers, talked his hearers into a state of enthusiasm the other day about the medical qualities of sulphur. Mr. Heckert says that in reading the history of Italy and other volcanic regions, he found that periods of freedom from epidemic disease corresponded with periods of volcanic activity. In comparing labor statistics he found one trade in which consumption was unknown, that of sulphuric acid making. It occurred to him that the antiseptic properties of the sulphur fumes killed the disease germs in all these cases. His wife was a hopeless consumptive. He began having her inhale continuously the fumes given off by the boiling of ordinary floured sulphur in water. To his delight she began to mend, and in time was completely cured. In other cases, the names and dates of which are too numerous for repetition, he was successful.

While Mr. Heckert patents many of his ideas he is quite willing that the consumptive public should have the full benefit of this. The apparatus is simply a glass retort with a spirit lamp beneath and a tube from which the patients may fill his lungs with the sulphur vapors. A solution of common sulphur and water boiling in the retort will produce the necessary vapor. So firmly convinced of the feasibility of the remedy has its discoverer become, that nothing but his busy life has prevented his urging some wealthy philanthropist to open a small hospital for consumptives, where it may be given a fair public trial.

Many an old custom, remedy or rule of health had its root as firmly bedded in the truth as the most new fangled of modern scientific maxims. Probably no one of the endless generations of little Yankees whose grandmothers have dosed them with molasses and brimstone, was ever convinced that the medicine really did him any good. In fact nothing more than Dickens' familiar delineations of the motherly Mrs. Squeers treating her young charges to this nauseous mess is needed to render sulphur a discredited remedy. Yet if the word of this simple hearted inventor and those of some who have taken up the study of the question are to be accepted, sulphur is the king of panaceas.—Washington Cor. New York Tribune.

Clothing for Winter.

One of the most common faults of our northern people is wearing an excess of clothing. One has only to look about him to note ladies, even early in the season, wrapped in furs, plush cloaks and other thick coverings, while any number of men are to be seen with overcoats sufficiently heavy to protect them from the severest cold in winter. To thus early become accustomed to such clothing is, of course, unwise in the extreme, and many must eventually pay the penalty of the habit. "Leave off your winter clothes late in the spring and put them on early in the autumn," is a wise injunction, but it must not be literally rendered. One should not, of course, thus early assume throughout his heaviest clothing, but the change should be made gradually. To put on warm under flannels early in the autumn is a sensible rule for all to follow. Equally as good a rule is to wear the fall overcoat as late as one can and be comfortable. Rather than trust entirely to clothing to keep warm, we should depend much upon exercise, and if too heavy wraps or overcoats are worn, that cannot be taken in sufficient amount to maintain good health, or when indulged in the body is liable to become overheated, and a "cold" is generally the consequence. A very common error with men oftener than women, is to wear, even in the coldest weather, too heavy outer clothing.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Cleanliness of the Japanese.

They are a clean people. You might just as properly amuse yourself prancing upon the sofas of a modern drawing room as enter a Japanese house without removing your dusty boots. Society demands shoes for indoors and shoes for out doors. The matting is always spotless, the white paper walls and varnished woodwork free from the slightest mark and the polished floors shine like an old English table. Even a captious old spinster from the wilds of New England could find no smallest speck of dust to vent her ill temper upon. You might almost brush your hair with the broom. They bathe at least once a day, sometimes in cold, but generally in very hot water, water that would make the most pious missionary if if plunged into it, use language not approved by the strictly orthodox. The public bath, which is a very popular institution, is a large room containing two steaming tanks; in one the men try to parboil themselves and the women, quite unabashed, take possession of the other. "Honi Soit" is the motto of the place, and it is well lived up to by all the habitues. It is Adam and Eve before the apple set her ladyship at work with her needle and thread.—Tokio Cor. New York Tribune.

The Lobster Canning Business.

The coast of Maine is so indented by bays and inlets that the actual shore line is fully 2,400 miles in extent. Along this shore are many of the chief cities, towns and important industries of Maine. One of the most important of these industries is the catching, transportation, canning and sale of lobsters. This is an industry that has grown in thirty years from a business that gave employment to a few score of hands. It now employs more than 2,000 fishermen, nearly 2,000 boats and forty vessels, and distributes in various ways more than $600,000 annually. The business of lobster catching in general requires two men to a boat, with 200 traps, at a cost of about $300 for the entire outfit.—Chicago Herald.

Dinner for Thieves.

They have an annual dinner in London given by a society to the thieves of that great city. At the recent festival they had prayers, speeches, and a good dinner. Some have reformed under these influences, but a reporter who was present found on reaching the office that his handkerchief was gone.—Chicago Times.

SCHOOLS OF TODAY.

THE CHANGE WHICH HAS COME OVER OUR METHODS.

How the Whole Tone of School Life Has Been Elevated—The Part Played by Pictures—Introduction of Object Lessons.

It is a curious thing that, side by side with the modern amenities in schooling, there sometimes comes in a reaction against everything that can make learning attractive. It is like the theory which used to exist, that no drug could be really useful unless it gave out the full terrors of its natural taste and odor. Sometimes even now, in out of the way places, one finds an old fashioned drug shop (perhaps opening out of the very parlor of an old fashioned doctor), where the mere atmosphere is as barbarous and forbidding as the strange foreign names of the articles sold there—coloquintida, perhaps, or ipecacuanha. But the modern drug shop is called a pharmacy, and it aims to replace those vigorous old odors with others suggestive of Araby the Blest.

A similar change has come over our school methods. I can recall when battered desks and chopped benches were regarded as an essential part of even the private school system. Why contend against it? it was asked; boys were natural barbarians and would soon make the new look as badly as the old. Yet about that time the discovery was made that the way to secure respect for school furniture was to make it respectable, and the boyish jackknife found other objects. So I can remember when the introduction of singing, and later of drawing, into our public schools was regarded as a finical whim, suitable for girls' school only. Emollit mores; each of these practices is found to help school discipline and refine the taste, so that the whole tone of school life is elevated. I was fitted for college by a teacher who never let his rattan go out of his hand except to lay it on his desk close by him. A public school principal who should now pursue this course would lose his place, and rightly; the very regulations of some communities require that the rod, it if exists, should be kept in the desk, out of sight, and that every blow should be afterward reported to the proper authorities.

One of the most curious forms of this Gradgrind severity is the crusade occasionally undertaken against all illustrations of school books. The most thoughtful and carefully designed work, in geography, in history, even in arithmetic, is supposed to be sufficiently condemned when it is called a picture book. Yet it is a period when all works for older persons—dictionaries, encyclopædias, histories, magazines—have brought the art of pictorial illustrations to its highest point. Webster and Worcester have alike adopted it. Justin Winsor's monumental "Narrative and Critical History of America" is crowded with portraits, autographs, fac-similes, and reproductions of historic pictures. The later editions of Gray's "Botany of the Northern United States" have careful delineations of every historical genus. The American magazines have won the admiration of the world by their illustrations of all geographical and historical papers.

Mr. Edward Atkinson carried the art of pictorial exhibition even into political economy, and is never quite happy till he can get his proposition embodied for the eye in parallel lines. The United States census report resorts to charts and curves and colored diagrams when it wishes fully to elucidate any important general result. All this is done for grown people—for the gravest, the maturest, the most educated. They, if any, are the persons who might fairly be asked to fix their minds clearly and austerely upon words and numerals, without stooping to the alleged frivolity of picture books. If they do not accomplish this, if the very people who make the criticism are only too glad to eke out their own imperfect knowledge by an illustrated magazine or an illustrated dictionary, is it not a little absurd in them to enforce such a grim abstinence upon school children?

In an admirable article by the eminent French writer Professor Th. Ribot on "The Mechanism of Attention" he maintains a different theory. The infant child, he says, is at first under the sway of spontaneous attention alone, noticing only bright objects or sustenance giving objects. By degrees it observes things less selfishly interesting, beginning at about the third month. The path is from the most intense, most impressive sensations, to the finer and more delicate ones. To fix and hold one sensation is an art that must be learned. "A child, for example, refuses to learn to read, but is vastly interested in the pictures in the book. The father says that reading will show the meaning of the pictures. This acts as an artificial inducement, and the child goes to work, substituting an artificial attention to arbitrary signs for the natural attractiveness of pictures." After a while "art has done its work, and attention has become second nature." All this is long since recognized in our schools in the introduction of object lessons. Formerly pupils learned a definition of a bird; then they were taught something about a bird's structure; after that, if they were fortunate, they were taken to see some stuffed birds in a museum. Now the stuffed bird, or better still, a living one, is a part of the school properties; that is shown first, and when curiosity is aroused the children readily learn about it. But as no school can have annexed to it a complete museum of natural history, geography and the history of the human race, the pictorial art comes in by way of substitute or preliminary.

No child can understand from words alone that there is any part of the world which is essentially different from his native town, but his first picture of a glacier or a geyser, a castle or a cathedral, the sphinx of Egypt or the Esquimau in his kayak, opens his eyes to the rest of the globe; he begins to be a man. It is even more true of history; the most skillful combination of words can never bring a child so near the mound builders or the Pueblo Indians, to the puritans or the cavaliers, to the revolutionary soldiers and the founders of our government, as he is brought by the first good picture he sees.—"T. W. H." in Harper's Bazar.

The Dear, Unselfish Creature.

Mr. Sampson (passionately)—I love you devotedly, Miss Chumley, but my pecuniary affairs have prevented my making a declaration until now. But I have put away enough now to feel justified in asking you to be my wife.

Miss Chumley (hesitating but sweetly)—confess that I am not wholly indifferent to you, but—but——

"But what, dear?"

"Would you mind telling how much you have put away?"—Texas Siftings.

Something Like Civilization.

A tipsy man entered a Cottage Grove avenue car, threw his arms around the heater pipe, steadied himself, and exclaimed: "Now, this s-somethin' like. This civ'lish-ashun. Shum hu-humanity 'bout thish. I thought when they t-talked 'bout heatin' town with gash how nice t'would be to have lampposts warmed. Thish is great!"—Chicago Herald.

CARLSBAD SEA LION.

THEO. STEINHILBER, PUBLISHER.
L. A. CLARK, - - EDITOR.

IN BAD GRACE,

There seems to be a disposition manifested on the part of a few papers in Southern California in commenting on the misrepresentations of some of the Eastern visitors to their home press upon their return to make slighting allusions to a portion of the sick ones of that class, styling them "one-lunged tourists." Their strictures upon the former are more than merited, who as a rule on their return East are unable to impart not one iota of information regarding the topography of the country, its mineral, agricultural or fruit resources, its industries, or its rapid growth, their tour having been scarce else than a flying one on the cars on a stop-over ticket for a few points. They must say something, and as abuse is the readiest shield for ignorance they are not seemingly slow to parade, which is encouraged by their papers with the faint hope it will prove the panacea that will eradicate the Southern California fever that has o'erswept the East and is taxing to their full extent every transcontinental line that spans the continent to carry them to this country of golden opportunities for the farmer, the fruit grower, the astesan and merchant, and the number of Eastern settlers is growing daily of those who know a good thing when they see it and "catch on" at once. But it seems a little more than out of place to cast insidious remarks calculated to offend those who come here in search of health. As a rule a majority of them have delayed too long to come to this world's sanitarium to regain the coveted vigor of manhood. It is natural they should be restless and dispirited, and tinged with homesickness as well, be at times disheartened and give utterance to views diametrically opposite even to those they know are true. Instead of treating them as we would the former we should be charitable with them and strive to make it as pleasant and comfortable as possible, overlooking their remarks on the broad ground of sickness and not taunt them with epithets. Such a course can only have one result. It will be taken as a polite hint that they are not wanted, and thus keep away others who need the baneful influences of our sunny clime, with its enervating air and agreeable weather to renervate and bring them out anew, healthy men and women, for it must never be forgotten that while this class seems morose and melancholy they are keenly sensitive, and if these phrases become common by-plays in the press of Southern California it will not be long before they are taken up and re-echoed by the entire press east of the Rockies, who allow no occasion to pass to belittle this section to stem the tide of emigration. No, on the contrary, let us pay no heed to their remarks, go on and build our hotels and advertise our mineral springs and encourage them to come out from the frost-bitten, blizzard-stricken regions to a country where they can enjoy out-door exercise nearly every day in the year without the fear of being caught in rain, snow or windstorms, as well as a temperature that varies but little the year round. With all their fretful fancies let us encourago them to come, and while we must undergo considerable humiliation at times from their utterances we shall be well repaid to see them return home to their friends, strong in mind and body, proof undeniable to Eastern cynics that Southern California possesses a climate that builds up the body and the foe of diease.

RAINFALL AT CARLSBAD.

From November 20, 1887, to date as shown by standard water gauge.

November	20	.16
"	22	1.7-8
"	23	.1-8
"	24	.1-16
"	30	.5-8
December	1	1.
"	20	.3-4
January	3	1.3-8
"	4	.7-8
"	5	.1-4
"	19-20	1.5-8
"	23	.1-16
"	31	.1-4
February	17	.1-4
"	24	.5-8
"	29	.1-2
March	3	.1-4
"	4	.1-4
"	7-8	1.1-2
	Total	13.5-16

Everyone familiar with Southern California is aware that our rainfall is confined to the winter season or from November to March. Last year the rainfall was less than five inches which was probably the lightest rainfall for many years, yet all kinds of crops were good. Fruit and evergreen trees suffered but little if any. This year the prospect could not be more favorable for all products of the soil. Rainfall has been abundant, and everything is putting forth earlier than usual.

A RICH FIND.

An Almost Inexhaustible Bed of the Finest Plastering Sand Discovered in Carlsbad.

Capt. Fraser Unearths the Valuable Prize Near the New Hotel.

While the citizens of Carlsbad have every reason to feel proud of her reputation as one of the most beautifully located health resorts known arising from the healing qualities of the famous medicinal springs that equal those of their namesake in Bohemia, as well as a climate that cannot be equalled for salubrity on the Mediterranean coast, she is destined at no great time to become a factor in the mart of commerce, possessing, as she does, a fertile country surrounding, capable of the highest cultivation, on which can be grown as fine oranges, grapes, apricots peaches, or other fruits as any other portion of this sunny land.

And it gives us pleasure to note that Captain J. A. Fraser, Superintendent of the Carlsbad Land and Mineral Water Company, to whom the honor is due of discovering the noted medicated springs, has added another link to his genius as a prospector for the good of not alone this town, but this whole section, having discovered an almost inexhaustible bank of the finest building and plastering sand, pronounced by masons who have thoroughly tested it, superior by all odds to anything they have ever used in Southern California. The sand is of a yellowish hue, and of a coarse enough grade to do all claimed for it. That it will prove a source of profit no one will dispute, as sand for building purposes is very scarce, and with this almost inexhaustible supply within a stone's throw of the railroad track Carlsbad must speedily inaugurate a profitable shipping trade to all points in Southern California.

$10,000.

Real Estate Sales this Week Aggregate a Little Over that Amount--Solid Growth Beats a Boom.

Carlsbad has made no attempt at what is commonly termed a "boom," but has marched steadily forward, believing a steady, solid growth beats a boom.

Carlsbad possesses tangible improvements, solid improvements, and scores of them too, to which we invite the critical eye of the tourist, home-seeker or the invalid.

The foundation of our town stands as it were upon solid rock, stands upon her merits, and not only affirms that Carlsbad is the most favored locality, the best place in which to buy a home, the best and surest point for an honest investment, but the proof stands out in bold relief to all who will visit our town and take the trouble to look about them and judge impartially. Property is advancing in value—not imaginery value, but real worth, and those who have their eyes on property and appear in no great hurry to purchase, will wake up one of these fine mornings and find still another advance in values and the coveted property sold to another. Sometimes an opportunity lost is lost forever. Look over the advantages of Carlsbad and make your own application.

A Valuable Acquisition.

Mr. S. H. Eilers, who came to Carlsbed a couple of weeks ago from Milwaukee, Wis., has demonstrated his confidence in the future prosperity of Carlsbad by buying, through the real estate firm of Brass & Woolman, some of the choicest residence and business property in the town. Not only this, but Mr. Eilers proposes to make his future home with us. Mr. Eilers is a well-to-do business man of Milwaukee, Wis., and bears the reputation of being far-sighted, possessing good judgment, and a thoroughly honorable dealer. It is with genuine pride that we refer to Mr. Eilers in this respect, because Carlsbad will gain much in the coming of this gentleman, who in addition to his social and business qualities will add largely to Carlsbad financially. He has already subscribed for a liberal portion of the new bank stock, and is considering other investments.

HOME NEWS.

— Periodical rains.

— Crops loom up finely.

— Railroad travel is increasing.

— A cemetery is being platted out at South Oceanside.

— A. J. Culver returned from Stockton Wednesday.

— Mrs. M. Shadek is putting up a comfortable two story residence on her property on Third street.

— Several parties here contemplate prospect for coal in the foothills.

— Mr. Barton of Morris, Ill., is building a residence on Sunny Slope; he expects to engage in the poultry business.

— Mr. and Mrs. Maish of Des Moines, Ia., who have been visiting with Mr. & Mrs. Col. S. C. Smith, went to Pasadena Wednesday.

— Mr. B. J. Lesher and H. Mc Clere returned home Tuesday from a short and pleasant visit to San Diego.

— The San Bernardino gambling shops have been at last closed by the police authorities and Marshal Thomas says they will not resume under his administration.

— A point that some capitalists here can take a hint from: The Pasadena Fruit Crystalizing Works have declared a dividend of $20,000 for the season of 1887.

— A new sign over the bakery has been erected, large enough that no wayfarer can miss finding the place. An addition to the building is also being erected.

— The SEA LION boys take off their hat to J. Chauncey Hayes for the box of fragrant smokers sent down to us the other day. They smoke as if diamond tipped.

— On Wednesday afternoon, visitors at Carlsbad and the workmen employed on the Mammoth hotel enjoyed themselves "telescoping" a large school of porpoise working northward. The water for at least a mile was black with them.

—A party of surveyors, consisting of S. T. Edwards, transitman, and Messrs. W. Wisdom and C. B. Lehman, are busily engaged in that line of business in Carlsbad at present. They are surveying in various parts of town and expect to be here for about two weeks.

— Some of the bridges and track of the S. C. Railroad in the canyon were washed out Tuesday night and all trains are tied up. The extent of the injury can not be learned yet, but anticipate resuming traffic in a couple of days.

— While the fault-finding Easterner who returned to the states to growl is piling on the wood and coal to keep off Jack Frost and is unable to commence farming operations grass here is almost knee-high and all cereals more than two months in advance of the Eastern country.

— The Barham Plain Truth suggests that the Lick Telescope be turned to search for the missing Planet of Oceanside. A good idea. Next!—DIAMOND.

Wherein's the use. It never was seen only through the ocular focusing of a beer tumbler.

— The fifth story of the Carlsbad hotel has been raised. The building will be enclosed soon. The lathers are at work and the work of plastering will begin in a few days. The wires for electric light and alarm bells are being placed as rapidly as possible. The whole work is on the push.

— Oceanside is in dead earnest with her wharf. Money talks and from reliable authority we understand sufficient capital has been subscribed to complete the enterprise. We wish our sister town occan's of prosperity. A wharf at Oceanside would be a benefit to all of the surrounding country.

— Yesterday, according to announcement, was the wedding of our friend Ben. F. Griffin, and Miss Mate Wadsworth, formerly editress of the Carlsbad paper. We were not invited to the wedding, but since Bennie is a particular friend of ours, we will not be denied the privilege of rejoicing that this Griffin has found his Mate.—Barham TRUTH.

— It is not only possible but quite probable that Carlsbad will have another railroad before Christmas. There is a good deal wire working going on in railroad circles and if indications point to anything it is that an additional coast road is on the boards for the near future. Carlsbad holds the key to the situation. A coast road must go through our town and we say come on with your roads.

— While everyone is busily employed in putting up an habitation don't stop at that and leave the surroundings bleak and barren. Aside from the labor the cost is not much to plant shade trees and fruit trees, which will not merely prove ornamental but prove a source of profit, adding vastly to the value of the property should you desire to sell, as well as being a comfort and convenience in this sunny clime.

— If lot ownsrs wish to boom ahead the value of their property they must be up and doing planting trees and otherwise making it attractive to purchasers.

— Traffic on the railroad is booming, and freighs trains loaded with building material and coal are flying through Carlsbad at all hours day and night. This is the strongest proof of denial that the present period of prosperity throughout Southern California has not come to stay, and the much talked of "bust" of the croakers had merely an ephermeral existence.

— Wire gold in very plain quantities is not often to be seen. Mr. T. C. Kelsey, a contractor of this place, showed us such a specimen taken out of a ledge on a lode on which he has a claim in Colorado, yesterday. It is the prettiest piece of ore an old miner ever saw, and make one feel like hunting up his pick and rustling a "grub stake." It must assay away up in the thousands.

On Monday the sad news of the accidential death of Mr. Wakerman, of San Luis Rey, and the owner of a banana ranch in Los Angeles county, a well-known pioneer and esteemed citizen, was received here. Inquiry developed that it was caused by the explosion of a gun in a wagon from which he was descending on his arrival at his ranch from a visit to Oceanside Saturday. He leaves a wife and six children to mourn his loss, who have the heartfelt sympathy of this community.

— The South Oceanside DIAMOND is the latest candidate for journalistic honors in this growing country on the Pacific coast. That it will hew to the line in shedding light to guide the settlers and investors where they can place their surplus cash where it can do the most good for themselves and posterity, as well as assisting in the material welfare and advancement of the interests of San Diego county, the name of its editor, J. Chauncey Hayes, is sufficient. A rigorous as well as a witty writer, the DIAMOND is bound to get to the fore, judging from the first issue, which is as bright and sparkling as a diamond of the fresh water.

PROSPECTS ARE BRIGHTENING.

On every hand the indications are quite marked that this favored section of Southern California, so long neglected, will from this time forward redound with activity, the multiplicity and richness of her resources attracting alike the capitalist and home-seeker, and it looks as if the present era of prosperity is merely a forerunner of what is to follow as soon as the proposed routes of shipment to the markets of the world are opened up. With the building of the wharf at Oceanside, now an assured fact, Carlsbad will have one more means to offer to the thousands of health and pleasure-seekers who reside all along the Puget Sound coast and Upper California, who need the healing powers of her medicated waters, an easy as well as a convenient way to come here, the landing place being but a few minutes drive from the mammoth and handsome hotel now in course of erection, and which will be ready for occupancy by the time the wharf is completed.

Added to these gigantic enterprises, which must materially enhance the value of every foot of property hereabouts, we are shortly to hava a railroad motor service from Oceanside to Carlsbad, that will unite the three growing towns through which it passes, and which will eventually be extended to Del Mar, and as we notice the incorporators of the San Diego and Del Mar Railroad line have decided to commence operations at once and unite those two places with the second band of iron will give us not alone a water route but two railroad lines between Coronado Beach and the summer hotel resorts of this region. But of all these the chief gainer will be Carlsbad, for while she may not have as big a structure as that on the Beach it will be fully as well equipped, fully as well managed, and fully as well provided with all the modern improvements for the comfort and convenience of guests. Nor is this all, the Carlsbad hotel will offer in addition to its guests the benefits of the mineral springs adjacent, where they may enjoy the extreme felicity of either hot or cold medicated baths, a point of great interest to every tourist, although in the full flush of health their apparent benefit otherwise is destined to make that hostelry the most popular in Southern California.

We are entering upon an era that is destined to make Carlsbad grow, and are not at all surprised at the satisfaction manifested and expressed by those who have taken advantage of the occasion to purchase them a home in this the gem spot of health—the Carlsbad of America.

FOR SALE!

150 LOTS FOR $150 Each

In Faucher's Highland Addition to CARLSBAD.

This tract consists of 167 acres and only 160 lots in this large tract are for sale at $150 each. Then a

LIMITED

number will be put on market at $200 each when prices will **again be advanced.** Terms: One third cash, one third in six months and balance in one year. A grand view of the Old Pacific, the City of Carlsbad, South Oceanside and Oceanside is obtained from every lot on the tract. My reasons for limiting the number of sales at these prices are that on this tract is the most beautiful and natural Hotel site on the coast and

I HEREBY AGREE

to have in course of erection before July 1888 a magnificent hotel, the cost of which has not yet been ascertained, but will undoubtedly be in the neighborhood of $30,000 and be called "Highland Hotel" besides many other improvements which wil greatly enhance the value of the tract.

For further particulars as to location, attractions and future see the Carlsbad Land and Mineral Water Co.'s ad, "A City of Pleasure" on the first page.

John A. Faucher,
Proprietor, Carlsbad, Cal.

LOW PRICES

will do it every time.

What?

Build up a large and paying business.

Chadbourne Furniture Company

The largest Furniture House on the PACIFIC COAST

CARRY:

Fine, Medium and Low Grade Goods of all descriptions for Parlor, Drawing Room, Chamber or Hall. Dining Room, Office, Hotels or Boats.

Give us a call and be convinced.

SAN DIEGO, California,
Corner 3d and D Streets.

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA,

JOHN SCHUYLER,

—Dealer in—

Hardware, Cutlery, Stoves and Tinware, Water pipes, Water tanks. Pumps, Gasoline stoves, Crockery, and Glassware. Plumbing and General Jobbing in Tin and Sheet iron Work.

JOHN SCHUYLER,
Oceanside, Cal.

D. D. HANKS,

House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter.

DECORATING AND PAPER HANGING.

—Dealer in—

Paints and Painters Supplies.

CARLSBAD, San Diego County, CALIFORNIA.

I. LEVI. M. WERTHEIMER.

LEVI & WERTHEIMER,

Successors to A. SCHNEIDER.

Established 1869.

FIFTH STREET, NEAR F. San Diego, Cal. FIFTH STREET, NEAR F

Wholesale and retail dealer in BOOKS AND STATIONERY. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, SHEET MUSIC. FANCY POSTERS.

Picture frames, Mouldings, Glass,

Artists Material and Fine Paints, Wall Paper. Optical Goods. Cutlery

General Newspaper Depot.

J. A. Frazier,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CARLSBAD,

San Diego County, - California.

CARLSBAD

MEAT MARKET,

ELLIS & HANKS,
Proprietors.

THE BEST QUALITY OF FRESH MEAT ALWAYS ON HAND.

Shop open from 9 to 10 in the forenoon, and 3 to 4 in the afternoon.

We solicit your patronage.

Carlsbad. - California.

J. D. MORROW,

Plasterer AND Bricklayer.

All kinds of mason work done on short and reasonable terms.

A. E. BANRY,

Painting and Kalsomining,

Decoration and Paper Hanging.

All work done with neatness and dispatch.

New

Barber Shop,

—EVERYTHING—

New, Neat and Clean.

Second Street,
CARLSBAD, CALIFORNIA.

I have opened up a new shop in Carlsbad, where, by keeping a neat, clean shop and by giving strict attention to business, I hope to merit a fair share of the trade.

Fine Shaving and Hair Cutting a Specialty.

Give me a call.

WM. DELLSCHAFFT.

Carlsbad. - California.

A. J. CULVER.

CONTRACTOR and BUILDER.

SHOP ON SECOND STREET,
North of the Hotel.

CALIFORNIA SOUTHERN R. R. COMPANY, Time Table in effect Sunday, Nov. 14, 1886.

Southward. Daily	Daily	STATIONS.	Nordward. Daily	Daily
6 40a	5 08p	Ar. San Diego Lv.	7 55p	8 00a
4 56a	3 28p	Carlsbad	9 31p	9 41a
9 30p	11 00a	Colton	4 10a	1 45a
8 05	10 35	San Bernardino	5 00a	2 30p
5 30	8 05	Los Angeles	7 45a	4 50p

Two passenger trains daily between San Diego and Los Angeles. No change of cars. Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars on night trains. Through tickets to all points in the United States and Canada. For rates on freight and tickets address agents at local station or

J. N. VICTOR, Superintendent, San Bernardino.
H. B. WILKINS G. P. and T. A., San Diego.